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Notes of the Week

Nothing lasts, says the French, but "le provisoire." Our unhappy Waterloo Bridge, a

The Bridge of Sighs

bridge of tears and sighs, still remains after all these years in the unkempt misery of a stopgap. Ten years ago it began to follow the example of London Bridge in the nursery rhyme and the experts were let loose upon it. Plans and counter-plans, schemes and counter-schemes poured out from their brains. The lovers of beauty defended Rennie's bridge and advocated its restoration, arguing that there was not the slightest reason to increase the breadth of the bridge, since the streets on the north side were already carrying all the traffic they could accommodate. More lines of traffic across the bridge would only multiply confusion in the neighbourhood of Wellington Street. An inclusive plan providing for a new Charing Cross Bridge was the only solution to the problem.

However, there were no funds available: everything was in suspense. At last the L.C.C. has resolved to re-condition Rennie's Bridge and corbel it out to carry four lines of traffic at a cost of £685,000, of which the Government will find 60 per cent. At any rate something is to be done and that is the main thing. As usual, it is the compromise which inevitably leads to expense and muddle at some future date.

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London ought to be profoundly ashamed of itself. With all our talk of town-planning, we leave the development of our city to hazard and opportunism. There

Shame!

is no one to prevent the authorities from treating Crown property as if it had no aesthetic part to play in city life and

from building towers of Babel in Carlton House Terrace. With our millions of unemployed, no one has the courage to suggest that a comprehensive scheme for improving communications across the river, which must involve a new Charing Cross Bridge, might in a well-governed State be charged to a certain extent on the dole. £14,000,000 represents a large sum, but the value of proper communications to London is enormous.

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If we say that the contemplation of the Brisbane Test Match fills us with despondency rather than enjoyment we ought not to be accused of want of faith in our eleven or of atrabilious gloom. We do not care a fig for the latest cheese-paring about the word "unsportsmanlike." Long before that we were tired of the whole controversy and disgusted by the Australian conduct of it. We stick to our view that cancellation of the remaining Tests and an agreement to play no more such matches during the next ten years would have saved our game of cricket and prevented bad temper within the Empire. But Brisbane is on us and, win or lose, let us hope at least that it will not lead to war with Paraguay, a bombardment of Dover, or a blockade of Juan-les-Pins.

**

Lord Sydenham, like many others, was an ardent Radical in his youth—they still called them Radicals in the seventies and eighties of last century—and a stern, unbending Tory in his old age. (It takes a Gladstone to reverse the normal transition from Left to Right). His Toryism, no doubt, was all the better for being the result of conviction and experience, but the black pessimism with which he shrouded it was not enlivening.

A Pessimist of Empire

Very likely he was right, and England is going to the dogs. But then it always has been, since Alfred burnt the cakes and Ethelred was Unready and the Reformation (as Mr. Belloc sees it) put Protestantism into our mouths to steal away our brains. And yet the old country still survives, and can still put up a record or two in the air, and win a war or a test match from time to time. Lord Sydenham would probably have described this as the last flicker of the candle. Perhaps—but, at any rate, it is still alight.

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Mr. Franklin Roosevelt, American President-elect, has discovered that silence, at least as concerning War Debts, is golden—as golden, he pointedly remarks, in Downing Street as in America. Which, being translated, would appear to mean that Mr. Roosevelt does not appreciate Mr. Neville Chamberlain's recent utterances. Mr. Roosevelt and, plainly, American public opinion disagree so violently with the British point of view that the President elect looks forward to an extremely rough passage with the negotiations to be put in hand next month unless the light that the Chancellor of the Exchequer continues to throw on the situation is darkened.

* *

It would be unkind, and perhaps unjust, to harbour a suspicion that Mr. Roosevelt is trying a little manœuvre with us. Obviously it would be much to the advantage of the American negotiators at the forthcoming meetings if they could start on the assumption that England is asking America for a favour, and that this favour, like most of its kind, must be bought at a price. If British opinion could now be, not muzzled of course, but kept well in the background, there is no knowing what might happen when talk round a table begins and hope always exists that English statesmen, who have proved so remarkably pliant towards America these last fourteen years, will end by giving what America wants, namely, solid trading and financial and perhaps political advantages at our expense.

* *

We can hardly be expected to concur in this. On the contrary we think Mr. Neville Chamberlain not only courageous in speaking out, but absolutely right as a matter of policy. American public opinion is irritated by what it calls, according to a message from one in contact with Mr. Roosevelt, "propagandist speeches and articles." Irritation is doubtless regrettable, but far more so would be a false atmosphere for the conference—a honied and delusive atmosphere by means of which one side hopes to blunt the wits

of the other. It is vitally important, if the conference is to have a chance of success, that Americans should know clearly where we stand in the matter.

* *

Maybe the very simplicity of the British point of view disconcerts American observers. Mr. Roosevelt is reported to have said in substance to Sir Ronald Lindsay: "Tell us what you can pay, and then we will discuss it in the light of related subjects such as trade and tariff concessions." The British Ambassador has come home to report to the Cabinet committee appointed to deal with the question and will naturally refrain from giving a lead outside it. But the matter is fairly clear without any inside information. And it should be made quite clear to American opinion that we are not prepared to make any tariff concessions. We are not going to Washington to barter away the Ottawa agreements or to bend British currency policy so as to enable American manufacturers to unload their surplus stocks on our markets.

* *

The fact that six men are on trial in connection with attempted fraud at the Monte Carlo tables will lead no encouragement to any crook who hopes to make money in that way. When playing either chemin-de-fer, trente-et-quarante, or roulette at Monte Carlo it may seem comparatively easy to invent means for defrauding the bank. In practice the most ingenious schemes come to nothing and instances of successful fraud, even for the most limited period, are extraordinarily rare. The same thing is true of all the possible systems. But true with certain differences.

* *

Thus it is obvious that systems can be and have been invented by which a small income may be made regularly at the tables, and a certain number of people live permanently at or near Monte Carlo making their living in this fashion. But what a living! Such a player must never gamble but go to the tables daily and stay there until, and only until, the modest daily toll has been extracted by a blind obedience to some complicated formula. This is not a life but a penitential slavery for very small reward. There are systems, too, by which money may be made almost certainly—the Labouchère system is one of them. But the menace of the maximum restricts the player to small stakes and the ghastly worry of having, perhaps, to risk £500 to win £5 is enough to turn the hair white. There is only one way to enjoy a game at Monte Carlo. That is to gamble quite frankly—knowing frankly

**A
New
Curfew**

**Hush,
gentlemen,
-hush!**

**De
Propaganda
Fide**

**Frauds
and
Systems**

**Ou
l'on
s'amuse**

also that the Bank always wins in the end. Then no one is deceived, though someone is bound to be hurt.

* *

The Côte d'Azur, even if we cannot go there, makes a ravishing background for emotion.

Ambassadorial

Besides withering in Miss Gladys Cooper's best suburban smile at the Playhouse, it trembles with the earthquake of family ructions at the Embassy. "The Blue Coast" (why not "Azure"?), Mr. Norman Webb's play produced at that enterprising theatre this week, does credit to author and producer alike.

With just another touch or two—whether more or less, may be a question—The Blue Coast might have been a play of Note. It depicts the devastating influence of stern British character and strong British sense on a frail artistic girl who has married some of them and on a lad who has almost escaped from them. Even fire that occasionally hangs cannot deprive it of warm interest. Mr. Webb's studies of character are admirable. Young George, who falls in love with his barely older stepmother, is remarkably drawn, and as well acted by Mr. Lewis Shaw, and Mr. Baliol Holloway gives grip to the whole performance in the part of the wayfaring, literary uncle, black sheep of family respectability. This is a play to see: sincerely written, sincerely acted, it has points of real tension.

* *

Mr. Justice Horridge has done well in cursing the Ministry of Transport during the hearing of a case in the King's Bench Division.

Very Tyresome

His point was the new liability of car-owners for the state of their tyres under the Statutory Rules and Orders. And this particular order is indeed, as he said, "extraordinary." It amounts to this that any defect in a brand new tyre, unsuspected alike by manufacturer and car-owner, may involve a penalty of £20 for damage to a road or, as in the particular case, to someone walking on it. Motorists do nowadays deserve protection by the Bench. They are regulated, watched, and harassed out of their nine wits. The parking regulations of London are often tyrannous as well as silly, the legal perils of the open road as grave as its accidental dangers. Yet the motorist is still taxed as if he enjoyed a careless freedom which was worth any amount of backsheesh.

* *

The Polish delegate to the Disarmament Conference has done what none has dared do since

A Plain Dealer

Germany banged the door at Geneva only to return with the price of blackmail. Deaf to the adjurations of M. Paul Boncour, who affects still to believe that something can be saved

of the French scheme for disarmament even after its inevitable rejection by Italy, Germany, and Great Britain, Count Raczynski has boldly declared that plan to be dead, coupling this with the equally plain statement that, in these conditions, equality of the right to arm could no longer be conceded to Germany and that the only possible end of the Conference was now a very modest convention containing minor armament restrictions.

* *

It may be just that Poland, saved by French military brains from the Bolsheviks, should save France by statesmanship from the German menace, but, when the relative size and importance of the countries are considered, it seems also quaint. Yet so it may prove. The Poles

Just Rewards

fear that the Disarmament Conference, which has nearly resolved itself into a Conference for the legal arming of Germany, may further develop into a machine for attacking the territorial clauses of the Treaty of Versailles, with immediate effect on the Polish Corridor whereby alone Poland has access to the sea.

* *

M. Paul Boncour, still French foreign minister and first delegate at Geneva in the government that succeeded his, appears, like other patriotic Socialists (for the breed does exist), to be enveloped in the cotton wool of his internationalism, thus alarming some good French observers lest he should do a sudden climb-down, as indeed M. Herriot, a patriotic Radical, did before him, and unconsciously give away the substance of the French case while vowing unalterable devotion to its form. The Polish refusal to concur in this half-hearted attitude of ideology infected with the influence of the late M. Briand may act as a healthy tonic to the European situation.

* *

With the French case, meaning the scheme of guarantees and sanctions put forward by M.

Our Look-in

Herriot, we are not at all concerned and long ago expressed the opinion that it was unworkable. But with the French case in the larger sense, meaning the belief that the French army ought not to be weakened by comparison with the forces at Germany's disposal, we are very much concerned, believing that Mr. Winston Churchill was wholly in the right when he said that the French army was a mainspring of European peace and that to reduce it out of reason was to court danger for the whole of Europe. As the whole of Europe includes ourselves, it follows that England has a vital interest in preventing the Disarmament Conference from becoming an instrument in the great German "come back" programme.

British Sherry from a shilling flask bought at a chemist's—greatly daring, we sipped it and ever since have been trying to drown the taste by thinking of a phrase that would adequately express it. **What is Sherry?** Ginger wine gone bad, burnt leather and brown sugar, the medicinal draughts of infancy all seemed to have contributed to its evil flavour. But why Sherry? Not even a methylated-spirit-adept could mistake it for wine of Jerez. Can the Sherry shippers do nothing? This country has pledged itself to recognise geographical appellations. What sense can there be in British Sherry? It might be blacking or toothwash, if the ancient word "Sherry" is to lose all meaning.

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The Admiralty are building ships up to the maximum of Great Britain's allowance under the Washington Treaty.

Tall Ships

This is good news not only for the shipbuilding industry but for the nation. It is perhaps not generally realised to what a low ebb the British Navy has sunk. The distinguished naval correspondent of the "Daily Telegraph" could recently write of 1932 as its "black year." The shortage of cruisers is so acute that six obsolete vessels have been retained on the active list, and not one new cruiser was completed last year. No less than 107 of our destroyers are over age, and we have but 38 for the whole Empire that are still effective. The repairs bill of the Navy has reached an abnormal size owing to the retention of ancient ships that would have no practical use in time of war. Not another first class nation in the world can show such a record of wastage and lack of forethought.

Orders have now been or will shortly be placed for three large cruisers belonging to the 1931 programme, and three other cruisers belonging to 1932, supplemented by an important development in destroyer and other strength. We can only congratulate the Admiralty and the government, while wondering at previous inactivity. If Britain is to exist the British Navy must not be allowed to languish.

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The religious statistics published in the latest Indian Survey have a bearing on our leading article. They hardly suggest that Christianity is making the progress there which some of the missionary societies would have us believe. A total of three million Christian converts is no doubt something. But it bulks very small against the three hundred millions of Hindus, Mohammedans and Sikhs, and since it is the result of a century of effort it does not indicate any rapid turnover from Koran and Rig-Veda to New Testament.

The Strength of Islam

In Persia, they say, Christianity is actually going backward, largely as the result of the recent nationalist revival, which has Islam for its religious inspiration; and the Christian missionaries in that country are understool rather to have lost heart at the increasing difficulties which have faced them in recent years. China is the only Asiatic country in which Christianity really flourishes, but since the Chinese converts (according to Mr. Bland) are more anti-European than anybody else, the change of faith does not seem actually enticing in its results.

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It is a big, big farce, and certainly not for the *intelligentsia*. But it warms the cockles of an honest heart to hear the peals of unrestrained laughter that greeted "Half a Million," by Mr. Kenneth Horne, at the Vaudeville.

On Farce

Farce has its part in a wicked world, and few can resist the joy of letting themselves go when everybody comes out of the wrong bedroom door and the wrong people receive kicks and slaps in plenty. Mere clowning? Perhaps, but when has good clowning, way back to Launcelot Gobbo, failed to touch the public? Big farce seems somehow rarer than it was. So let us laugh while we may and when we can. And there is a packet of laughter in "Half a Million."

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The Painter-Etchers are now holding their annual exhibition at the R.W.S. Gallery in Pall Mall. It is a good but dull show, as usual more notable for sound craftsmanship than for spirit and enterprise. When this Society was founded more than fifty years ago, it was necessary to distinguish between "original" etchers (those who engraved their own designs), and reproductive men. Hence the snobbish term, "painter-etcher," though few of the etchers painted. To-day the need for the distinction is gone with the almost total disappearance of reproductive engravers. The Royal Academy from the first elected to its ranks interpretive engravers. To-day those veteran artists Sir Frank Short and H. Macbeth-Raeburn carry on the old tradition; but of course the other etcher Academicians or Associates, Griggs, Brockhurst and the rest, were elected for "original" work.

H. Macbeth-Raeburn is now showing his work at the Graves Gallery, 182, Sloane Street. To-day there are probably not more than half a dozen artists engaged like Macbeth-Raeburn in interpreting by the difficult and delightful processes of aquatint and mezzotint the paintings of others. Interpreting not copying, for the limitations of engraving make facsimiles impossible, and the fine colour-printer, respecting the character of his medium, aims rather at the sympathetic translation of the colours of the original painting into delicate and diaphanous tints.

A Craftsman's Show

We are indebted to the correspondent whose letter appears on another page for his illuminating information about what is happening in the United States in connection with the making, the supply, and the distribution of electricity.

An "About Turn" Lesson

We have already called the attention of our readers to what we regard as the very serious risks of handing over to a bureaucratic body such as the Joint Electricity Authority the management, direction and control of vital businesses like electrical undertakings whether they be those of public companies or municipalities.

America is the very Holy of Holies of rationalisation, centralisation, mass production, and the like. She has tried it all out in connection with electricity and now in the light of her experience, she is, according to the "Electrical World" of New York, retracing her steps. Here is one lesson from the United States which this country might very well take to heart. If great Britain resists the temptation to travel along the road planned by the bureaucracy represented by the Joint Electricity Authority, she will, unlike the Americans, avoid the painful necessity of turning round.

* *

But there is more in it than this. Let us suppose that the Joint Electricity Authority in the London and Home Counties District, and the smaller Joint Electricity Authorities in the still smaller districts realise their great ambitions and become the collective Mussolinis who supply and distribute current to the whole country? What then? Such a vast communal undertaking must be justified by results. And results in a business (and presumably the Joint Electricity Authority is engaging in business) must ultimately depend on profits.

Supposing it makes no profits and fails to avoid losses. Supposing even that it fails to maintain the low level of what in some areas must admittedly be experimental charges. Then, conceivably, may come arguments affecting such things as the quality of lamps, cables, wiring systems, motors, insulating systems, switchboard plans and the thousand and one devices, inventions, patents and contraptions that go to make up the technical mysteries of electricity generation and supply.

* *

If a State-appointed body with special monopoly powers has failed, or not quite definitely succeeded what is to prevent the monopoly idea being carried a stage further? In other words, if a monopoly in supply and distribution has to be bolstered up why should not the bolstering up be achieved by making the monopoly so wide and all-embracing as to include the provision of equipment? It is not such a far-fetched idea for it

Looking Ahead

seems to us that an ambition which reaches out towards nationalisation of supply and distribution may just as easily reach out toward nationalisation of the plant on which the supply and distribution must inevitably depend. If a body obtains a monopoly of current what is to prevent it getting a monopoly of all the supplies of equipment that produce that current and render it usefully available? We do not know whether the electricity industry has reflected on that. But if it has not, we suggest that it should. After all, the thin end of a wedge is only designed to make the way possible for the thick end.

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Not At Any Price

["There is a big move towards the reduction of theatre prices."—*Daily Telegraph*.]

The Theatre raises now the cry

"Come in; here's less to pay";

But, judging by the critics, I

Would pay to keep away.

* *

It has been stated—and printed—that a game with an unpronounceable name, the Cuban form of pelota, is to come to this country in the hope that it will rival, support, or supplant the dog track and bring profit to its promoters and the Tote. It might be welcomed if by its efforts some of our own games, such as football, were to be freed even a little from the clutch of gambling—which never helps a game, even if it takes the harmless form of a ball on a round of golf.

But the success of pelota in England is problematical. It is a fine, fast, and exhausting game played in the Basque provinces and, at its best, in Barcelona. It is something like racquets and something like real tennis, with a queer sort of basket-racquet. But it is exotic and alien games are not transplanted easily to England.

* *

Baseball is, no doubt, a very good game. But how many efforts have not been made to make baseball a success over here? They have failed dismally. American football is—if the cinema may be believed at all—the most exciting of games, with nearly all the qualities of battle, murder, and sudden death. Yet no one has yet dared to bring it to our playing fields and no astute promoter of popular diversions with good "gates" attached to them has cast an eye on it. Even heroic attempts to revive our own historic pastimes lack encouragement. Despite Sir William Grantham, stool-ball still languishes and knurr-and spell has no modern "fans" to revitalise its dissipated glories. So the chances of pelota seem remote and we shall still keep on going to the dogs until, in some evil day, we get there.

Going, Going

"How These Christians Love One Another!"

IN the *Daily Telegraph* of Wednesday, Feb. 8, there was published, to the extent of nearly a column, complete with portraits of the protagonists, an account of what was correctly called "Church Assembly Scene." The heading could take no reader by surprise. The Church Assembly and "scenes" are becoming inseparable in the mind of the average reader of daily newspapers.

But this particular scene, manufactured by Dr. Furse, the Bishop of St. Albans, and Dr. Hensley Henson, the Bishop of Durham, had its own particular interest. In the first place it illustrated—or so it seems to us—a futility and levity in the meetings of the Church Assembly which explains to a very large extent the admitted failures of the Church of England in our time. The personal exchanges between these two bishops would have been a little contemptible in "Pop" (to which Dr. Furse once belonged) or any other schoolboy debating society. So much is, no doubt, no more than the proof that, no matter what birth certificates and the calendar may show, men are creatures whose conduct and emotions are not subject to change from the cradle to the grave. Even so, private feuds and wrangles enliven without dignifying the proceedings of the Church Assembly.

An even more silly aspect of this quarrel is to be observed. St. Albans had moved a resolution; Durham had countered with "the previous question." The wrangle had proceeded, rather bitterly, about an essential issue of policy, faith, and finance. Then the Archbishop of Canterbury "hoped," for reasons which sound unconvincing, that the resolution would be passed. Thereupon the Bishop of Durham declared, "in view of what your Grace has been good enough to say, I should be quite willing to withdraw the motion." After which "this declaration was received with loud and prolonged cheers." Then the Archbishop said that they all appreciated the generosity of the Bishop of Durham and "there was further cheering and the resolution proposed by the Bishop of St. Albans was carried unanimously."

How perfectly sweet! This atmosphere of kindergarten and Montessori is indeed affecting; this replacement of temper by docility and this smooth sacrifice of convictions which had led to "words" on the altar of paternal authority are almost neo-Christian. But what are intelligent laymen to think of a Church Assembly which wastes its time and wins a sort of notoriety by sham fights of this kind? They are, we submit, to think very meanly and even angrily of such an Assembly.

For the subject of the resolution was not really unimportant. Originally the Bishop of St. Albans "moved that, in view of the financial position of the Church overseas, the Assembly call upon the Church in England to increase its contributions to the missionary societies by at least 10 per cent. for the year 1933." He made a speech in which, according to Dr. Hensley Henson's revised version of it, "faith and finance danced a difficult measure

together," and he was opposed by the Bishop of Durham on the ground that, while the Church at home is itself starved and crippled by lack of funds, any such resolution is not only meaningless but weakening to the strength and health of the Church as a whole. Thus the issues joined and the arguments put forward were even vital. For our part, we are entirely on the side of the Bishop of Durham, and we even find in Dr. Furse's motion a levity and want of consideration that might be credited to ignorance.

Anyone who takes any part in the work of the Church, especially in rural parishes, knows that congregations are dwindling and enthusiasm sagging away. The Church is losing much too rapidly such hold as was left to it, although it is true to say that popular interest in religion itself is not less but greater than it was. People need God and would like to lean on Christ. But the Christian faith, as it is now presented by the Church, veils too much the face of Christ and God can be sought in private ways. There are, also, the distractions of religion by wireless and the modern delusion that something can be had for nothing which leads a populace to forego, without any fear of loss, that formal practice of religion which makes its demand on their leisure. Thus there are fewer people by whom the Church's needs can be supplied and less readiness to supply them. There are, besides, the burdens of taxation and the increasing penury of those who were once the "well-to-do." And the Church in England is, financially, "up against it." A little less and the Church will be quite unable to supply, with even a pretended efficiency, the ministry and preaching which are its bounden duty and service.

Is this, then, a time to demand a compulsory increase in the amount of its support for foreign missions? There are many of us who, despite all the texts, look on foreign missions with a doubting eye. To such they seem politically dangerous and ethically mistaken. These, however, are ancient fields of controversy, which are generally barren. What is new is the financial embarrassment of the Church at home, and this might have been thought to provide an argument strong enough to keep the Bishop of Durham inexpugnable in the fight which he had begun. But it was not so.

For all these reasons it seems to us fair to take this "Church Assembly Scene" as an illustration of the vacillation, futility, and lack of leadership in the Church on which we have commented often enough. When they are not raving about a revision of the Prayer Book which was not really wanted, or fighting each other bitterly on points of ritual and dogma, these leaders of Christian faith and practice are wasting time over disagreements which come to nothing at all. If we did not believe a revitalised Church to be essential to a sound State and a Christian faith to be the foundation of civilised morals, all this might not matter very much. But it does matter. And it is truly damnable.

A Survey of Foreign Policy

III.—Present and Future. By John Pollock

THREE problems of foreign policy of dominant importance face England to-day.

They are all the outcome of the War and have grown up since the War, and we have no excuse for not having recognised the existence of one from the Armistice itself, and of the two others from within a couple of years of the treaty of peace. Those three problems are formed by (1) the determination of Germany and Hungary to reverse the decision of 1918, (2) the drive of Bolshevism against the East, (3) the pressure of American trade imperialism.

The problem already in existence before fighting ceased on the Western front was that of Bolshevism. True, Bolshevism constitutes a world-wide problem, but its action on the East can be isolated, because it is thence that Bolshevism, as an international factor, derives its force, aggravated by the mean truckling of those declared by the Bolsheviks themselves to be their destined prey. Among the most direct responsibilities is that of our Labour government, which started friendly relations with the Soviets, drawing in its train the Radical government in France and granting free entry to Communist intrigue, subsidised from Moscow, into England. To reduce the harm done us by Socialist policy in this respect there was, and is, but one step open to us, namely, to effect a close alliance with Japan in the Far East. This alone could create a certain bar against Communist disruption in Asia. But it is a step that could only be taken as part of the renascence of a general, firm, Conservative policy. It is obvious from the operations of Mr. Ramsay MacDonald and Sir John Simon on the Manchurian question, that under their ownership of our foreign policy there is no great likelihood of this renascence taking place.

Interactions

To labour the problem of American trade imperialism here is unnecessary. Everyone has seen the results of the financial impasse into which President Hoover, following his predecessors, forced Europe, and the intention of America to use inequitable War debts as a lever to obtain trade advantages that should give her a predominant position in the world. Our policy, if such it may be called, has been simply to let matters slide and, under immediate banking influences, to forget that commerce is the life of England. From the first we should have made common cause with our other European allies for the purpose of obtaining a reasonable settlement of the Debt question, which in turn would have instantly relieved the Reparations question, that has helped to keep Europe in a tangle. Instead, we allowed ourselves to be dragged at Uncle Sam's coat tails till Mr. Neville Chamberlain's wholesome, if tardy, revolt last autumn.

The three problems under review are, it is evident, all interconnected and react on one another. American trade imperialism meets Bolshevism in China to perpetuate unrest and encourage the Boxer spirit; in Europe it meets the German promotion of *revanche* through the meddling of the United States in our affairs while refusing all responsibility; and Bolshevism reaches out westwards, both to foster revolution in France and England, and to provide Germany with a bogey as begetter of fear abroad and as a pretext for military preparation at home.

The Question

Most feckless of all has been the attitude of British policy towards Germany's designs. As to the existence and the nature of those designs, doubt is not permissible. German statesmen's plain utterances, the constant demands of Germany's Press, all Germany's official and unofficial acts attest a rooted intention to regain for Germany the same position that she held before the war. The problem has been posed for a decade, and the policy of England has been simply to run away from it. Throughout we have done everything to encourage Germany's ambition, remove the hobbles put on the aggressor of 1914, and weaken the position of our natural ally—and, incidentally, best customer—France, whose only object is to keep the peace made, whereas to upset it is that of Germany.

Signal of our awakening to these facts there is none. On the Disarmament Conference our policy is one of compliance with Germany's immediate desire, which is to weaken France's defensive army and to strengthen her own power for offence. This is not to say that the French scheme propounded at Geneva is acceptable or practical. But we forced it on France by explicitly or implicitly denying her our moral support. If France now proves so weak-kneed as to accept the official establishment of German equality in arms—which in reality means superiority—without obtaining serious counter-balancing guarantees, the European situation must before long tend towards a critical point. It is idle to say that the existing guarantees under the League of Nations Covenant and the Locarno agreement can suffice to prevent aggression: everyone knows they cannot. It is totally false to suggest that disarmament in itself is a guarantee of peace: disarmament, as it can be practised, only weighs on the peaceful.

On a long view, the question for Englishmen is whether or no we wish to live as an imperial nation, continuing the task in the world we have inherited, or to sink to the position of Holland or Sweden, that had their day of empire. The gravest fact in the gestion of foreign policy by successive British governments since the War is the disintegration disclosed by it of British will-power. We have to learn again the lesson that the strongest man is he who best knows what he wants.

The Milk Problem

By A Practical Farmer

IT is no exaggeration to say that Dairy Farming is the most important industry in the country, since the health of the present and future generation depends on an abundant supply of pure milk at a reasonable price. That supply cannot be maintained, let alone improved, unless the producers receive a fair reward for their exacting labours. For various reasons they welcome the appearance of the long-expected Report of the Milk Reorganisation Committee, quite apart from the practical scheme proposed which must be judged on its merits and may or may not prove acceptable to them in its present form.

As the *Saturday Review* has often pointed out, bureaucratic control is not the least of the dangers which every industry has to face. There are too many Boards of Control and Commissions and whatnot already in existence: their function is generally to procrastinate and confuse counsel. Now we are to have a Joint Milk Council, and the snag of it is that it is to have three nominated members who are "to have the final voice in the negotiations by which milk prices are fixed." Indeed, "it will not be possible for a majority of the Council to enforce proposals which the appointed members do not approve."

What the producers will not like and may refuse is this appointment of nominated members who will be in effect the Dictators of the Joint Milk Council. They know something of Wages Committees as they exist to-day and the deadlock which such a system produces. True, one of the nominated members will be appointed after consultation with the National Farmers' Union, but that gives them no voice in the actual appointment.

The Report contains a valuable study of the situation since the War and as it is to-day, and pronounces definitely on certain matters of controversy which have perpetually arisen at the meetings of the Permanent Joint Milk Committee. It states plainly that the producers have not as a whole been paid as high a price as could have been paid by the distributors to the extent of from a halfpenny to a penny a gallon. This price could have been paid without calling on the consumer to pay more for his milk. "Many large retail distributive businesses could have paid the producer a somewhat higher price in the last few years and still have earned satisfactory profits."

It is remarked that in many cases distribution has been unnecessarily costly. The blame for this expense is thrown on the customer's special demands, such as the delivery of milk in half-pint bottles, two deliveries a day, and deliveries at special times. Obviously it is unfair that the producer should be mulcted on this account, but some attention must be paid to customers' requirements.

The Commission consider that the present method of calculating the price of milk used for manufacturing purposes on the basis of the price of Dominion cheese is often inequitable and recommends the calculation of this price on a far wider utilisation basis. In 1931-2 the price of liquid milk to the producer was just over one shilling per gallon, while that of milk used for manufacturing purposes was 4½d., a disparity of over 7½d. Some levelling up is necessary if the producer is to be fairly paid.

Satisfaction is also given to the producer by the recommendation that substantial import duties should be imposed on imported milk products and that such imports must be regulated if the disparity between liquid and manufacturing prices is to be lessened. The great gap between these prices must be reduced if the producer is to receive a higher price for work which is peculiarly difficult and precarious. At present imported milk products amount to one and a half times the liquid milk production of the country and four and a half times the total of such products manufactured in this country at present. The field for increase in our own production of cheese and the like is vast.

The Commission proposes to strengthen the existing method of collective bargaining by setting up a central Board with regional pools armed with statutory powers to buy and sell the milk.

It is suggested that the Distributors organise themselves on a similar fashion to the producers and that the Joint Council consist of the Producers and Distributors Boards together with the three appointed members, one of whom shall be Chairman. It is significant that the main recommendations of the Commission fall outside the scope of the Agricultural Marketing Act, and Producers will have to consider whether they will call for fresh legislation that will extinguish their right under the Marketing Act of regulating their own Produce in accordance with its provisions.

The Report covers some 220 pages, and one cannot but be impressed with the magnitude of the task before the Producers and the far-reaching questions covered by the Commission which will have to be most carefully considered by the Dairy Industry generally.

The Producers are under no compulsion to accept any part of the suggested scheme. It is entirely for them to decide whether they shall invoke the aid of the Marketing Act, or ask for entirely fresh legislation, but time is pressing and Contract negotiations will soon be around again. It is essential for the welfare of the Consumers as well as the Producers that the Milk Industry shall be placed on a firm foundation and the quality of the milk maintained and gradually improved, and no time must be lost.

'Ware Wire—or Jump It

II.—Methods of Instruction. By G. R. H. Nugent

HAVING decided on Toby's fate, I got a length of stout wire cable and tied it up in a jumping lane of which I had the use. This is the only equipment required and, if there is not one available, it can easily and cheaply be constructed in a field with a few old poles, logs of wood, broken gates, etc. Nothing elaborate is needed, just three or four small jumps, enclosed so that the horse cannot run out between them. Having fixed up the wire about two feet above the ground, I sent my groom with a feed tin of oats to the bottom of the lane and drove Toby in at the top, encouraging him with my crop. He refused the wire first time, but, with a little persuasion, he jumped it easily at the second attempt, and cantered down to the feed tin. After I had raised the wire a little and successfully repeated this process a few times, I put it up a good deal higher and deliberately fetched him down, so that he might learn the strength of this flimsy-looking obstacle. He fell on to his knees, but never looked like turning over.

The Rider's Turn

It was now my turn for schooling, so with some trepidation I hoisted myself into the saddle and cantered him down the lane. By mutual consent we stopped at the wire, but, after pushing him into it, we reined back a few paces and he jumped it like a bird.

Although I now knew that he could jump wire, neither of us had much confidence in the performance. It is one thing to jump a piece of wire in a jumping-lane with a row of other jumps, but quite another to jump one all by itself out hunting, so the next afternoon we went out to do the real thing. By a cruel chance the first fence we came to was a boundary fence of four strands of plain wire, and, although it was probably not more than four feet high, it looked enormous. However, a very thorough reconnaissance failing to reveal any other means of passage, I decided that we were in honour bound to jump it—we could not turn back right at the beginning. I took Toby up to the fence and pushed him into it so that he could feel its alarming height and strength, then reined him back a few yards to jump it, but it looked so formidable that I lost my nerve. It seemed impossible that Toby could jump it. But we had to try, so I walked him up to it and pushed him into it again. By this time he was dancing with excitement and nervousness, and, after reining back once more, I put him at it. As I gave him "the office" to take off I shut my eyes and prayed for a painless death, but he jumped like a good 'un, and we soared into the air at least a foot over the top.

After that nerve-racking experience it became quite easy, and we spent the rest of the afternoon hacking across the downs negotiating small barbed wire fences without any trouble at all. I

never came that way again, because I considered that first fence too high, and I do not think it wise to tackle high wire fences. Although the horse has felt the wire by being pushed up against it, he still greatly depends on his rider to "time" him right at the fence; that is, to bring him at the fence so that he is able to take off in the right place. This is done by shortening or lengthening his stride in the approach to the fence, with a feeling on the reins or a squeeze of the legs. When he reaches the right place for taking off, the rider should leg him up extra strongly so that he knows exactly when to jump. With a solid fence most trained horses can bring themselves right on their own, but with wire they depend much more on their rider, and as, of course, the higher the fence the smaller the area from which a successful jump can be made, it follows that the difficulties for the rider are very greatly increased by a high wire fence.

Useful Warning

I continued these hacks several times a week for over two months, until we were both fit and fairly confident over wire. We only had one fall during the whole training, and that was the last time that I was taking him out before the opening meet. We had just jumped one barbed wire fence and were cantering across a field to the next when, thinking that he had become so safe over wire that I need not first push him up against it, I decided to take him straight at it. He hardly jumped at all, and the top strand caught him across the top of his legs so that he landed on his nose. He seemed to stand on his head for about half-an-hour, but eventually came down again on his feet, and we proceeded at a slow limp! It taught us both a shrewd lesson; I have never jumped a horse over wire since then without first pushing him into it, and it taught Toby to clear his fences by a bigger margin than ever. His legs were fairly badly torn by the barbs on the wire, but they were only flesh wounds and did not prevent him from carrying me at the opening meet three days later.

It was not until the third meet of the season that I was rewarded for my labours. Hounds were running well on a good scent in an enclosed bit of country, which meant plenty of jumping and kept "slowcoach" Toby and me up with the leaders. Suddenly we were confronted by a barbed wire fence with no way round. Hounds shot underneath and left the huntsmen and whips looking at each other. The master arrived with the leaders, who stopped and looked helplessly about them. Here was our chance. I pushed Toby hard against the fence, reined back a few paces, and put him at it. Although he had to jump away from all the other horses, he jumped it beautifully, and we raced off alone behind the pack. I have never felt so proud in my life, and I only hope Toby felt like me.

Adolph Hitler

I like him because . . .

BY ALPHA

HE has audacity. In a world of anæmic shades of thought, intention, and inaction this quality seems to me one of the few hopes of salvation. Whether it be displayed in Germany to the hindrance of British policy and convenience, or in Italy to the discomfort of less realistic countries is not so important as the quality itself—which we lack dismally at present.

He knows exactly what he means and what he wants; he has known how to get it without any advantage of birth, riches, or education. Adolph Hitler has made himself master of post-war, intransigent, and vigorous Germany. He has fired the younger heart of his country and beaten the old men. He has rid Germany of the incubus of "Safety First."

He has given obvious proof of exceptional powers. For a long time he was disregarded as a mere explosive noise. Vain, irresponsible, and hysterical as he seemed, Hitler was set down as a foaming, frothing mountebank with an "army" and a party copied slavishly from the Fascismo of Mussolini. Our own English Fascisti were taken as the model on which Hitler and his methods were framed. His ambitions were pretence, his speeches megalomaniac, and his campaign a farce.

Then this ex-corporal, son of a cobbler—a sort of Bacha Saquo of the Fatherland—nearly swept into power at the polls. He failed. He did not attempt the force of arms to win a *coup d'état*; at the next polls he fared distinctly worse. By all the rulers Hitlerism was a spent force and Hitler himself, willing to wound and yet afraid to strike, had been shown up more effectively than ever was Blanco Posnet.

But it was not so. And Adolph Hitler, not yet undisputed in his mastery but Chancellor of Germany, has got where he meant to go. Now comes the acid test. But, whatever the event may make of him as history is written, this was at least a man.

I like him, too, because he has patriotism, whether or no that be enough. Naturally the order of his patriotism is offensive to me and its objectives are likely to injure my country's interests. I dislike Prussianisation and Germany as a whole, as I dislike the sloppy inanity which wants, forgetting the war, its origins, and its sacrifices, to placate our enemies at the expense of our friends. But Adolph Hitler thinks as clearly from his point of view as I believe that I think clearly from mine, and what he thinks of is the material and moral recovery of a Germany, supposed to have been rendered harmless for several generations.

My opponent is probably an embittered Tory, disliking Hitler from class prejudice and cursing him because he is inconvenient. And I daresay that both he and I would betray no pleasure after meeting Hitler in the flesh. But we are writing in general terms and we are discussing a man who has driven his way through prejudice and ridicule to achievement. I like him because he has done it.

I dislike Hitler . . .

BY OMEGA

BECAUSE he is a gasbag. Torrential eloquence is more common in Germany even than in England, and the spell-binder makes a greater impression on the Teutonic mind even than Mr. Lloyd George on the Welsh. But always before the more intelligent Germans have managed, though with difficulty, to draw a distinction between the statesman (like Bismarck) whose trade is action, not words, and the mere orator (like Bebel) whose trade is words, not action. This time, for the first time in history, the mere orator has won.

Because he is a political adventurer.

Germany has hitherto been governed (or mis-governed) by an aristocracy or a bureaucracy—the former recruited from the famous squirearchy, the latter recruited from the professional or higher bourgeois class. These men were limited, unimaginative, and often tyrannical, but they had a strong sense of duty, of order, and of discipline which covered many shortcomings.

Hindenburg, solid, steady and straightforward, is typical of the former class, and he has served both the old Germany and the new with honour and dignity. When Hindenburg dislikes or distrusts a man it is the amber light in German politics. And Hindenburg has made no secret of the fact that he dislikes and distrusts Hitler.

Because he has no political principles.

Hitler's policy is a mere string of political negations and contradictions. He denounces the Treaty of Versailles—that is natural in a German. But he also denounces the Vatican, the Jews, the banks, the payment of interest as well as reparations, the wage-system, and the Communists who denounce the wage-system.

This is not a political policy, but an appeal to the discontented of every class and type—a new Cave of Adullam, in fact, which only succeeds because discontent in Germany is strong, and the cave-men are unusually numerous. If half the measures he advocates are put into force Germany will be financially ruined, politically lost, and religiously divided.

His friends and supporters say that all this is a pose, and that he does not mean half he says. It may be so. But in that case Hitler is insincere and untrustworthy, a demagogue who uses his undoubted gifts of speech to delude his followers and to obtain power—which, when he has it, he will be unable to use for the benefit of his adopted country.

At best, he is a reactionary who may encourage the revival of foreign hatred and external war; at worst, he is a revolutionary who will foment civil war.

In either case, but more completely in the latter than the former case, the ruin of Central Europe will follow.

Music and Musicians

By Herbert Hughes

WHILE Sir Thomas Beecham, on his rostrum at Queen's Hall, continues to gyrate his way into the affections of all lovers of good orchestral playing the more aristocratic and intimate art of chamber music does not languish. On Sunday afternoon at Grottrian Hall, and on Monday evening at the B.B.C. headquarters two new series of chamber concerts were begun; two concert halls have been given over to the same art; and the Léner String Quartette have begun a new cycle at Queen's—virtually a little festival distributed over four halls in a few weeks.

At the Grottrian the new series had a good start with Adila Fachiri and Kathleen Long to play the César Franck sonata and the "Kreutzer," and the veteran John Coates to sing a number of modern English songs. The violinist and the pianist were particularly well matched. Both are intensely musical, by which I mean that to them the performance of music is, or may be, as much a physically exciting experience, quickening the pulse, as an intellectual or spiritual one.

English Songs

Mr. Coates's choice of English songs was more interesting than successful. In the first group he gave us samples of the work of Harold Darke, Ivor Gurney, Ernest Bryson, Christopher de Fleming, Martin Shaw, Peter Nash and Felix White. Easily the most individual composition here was Mr. White's setting of "The Laughing Cavalier" of James Shirley (1594-1666). The song itself laughed in its very exuberance, and rattled its way along with complete avoidance of the obvious. The next best was Mr. Shaw's familiar song of the "Palanquin Bearers"—a ditty that for me is forever spoiled by the composer's weakness in repeating half a line here and there. For his second group Mr. Coates chose a setting by M. van Someren-Godfery of Humbert Wolfe's "Anacreon"—a laboured business about a dozen bars too long; "The Hurdy-Gurdy" of Ferruccio Bonavia—a little thing that radiates charm; Herbert Howell's amusing setting of Walter de la Mares's "The Dunce"; and William Walton's recently published "Three Songs"—facetious essays in, respectively, the English, Spanish, and American style. John Coates's mastery in presenting the essence of all these things—so unequal as they are in value—was soothing to listen to.

The Fatigue of Schönberg

Lest we should get into back-sliding ways, the B.B.C. have this week brought us face to face once more with the art of Arnold Schönberg. Lives there a more tired composer in Europe than this complicated and neurotic revolutionary? In those golden years just before the War it seemed there were two figures in the musical world destined to open up new ways of expression: Schönberg and Debussy. Quietly Debussy went about his work, finished it, and departed.

Less quietly Schönberg went about his. Theories had to be invented, treatises written, a school founded. He even indulged in painting which was supposed to have some occult bearing on the art of music. Early works of a recognisable, romanticising beauty, like the *Verklärte Nacht* sextet and the colossal *Gurre-Lieder* were superseded by the engaging *Five Orchestral Pieces* and the rather less recognisable beauty of *Pierrot Lunaire*.

Followed then other gestures of emancipation, until emancipation—otherwise rebellion, otherwise anarchy—itself had become so much a religion that it had to be properly organised and new rules laid down. Tonality must be destroyed by mathematics and out of the destruction must a new aesthetic be created. Music must be written in the twelve-tone scale, and the twelve notes arranged in a basic shape, one or more of which may then be chosen upon which to build a composition. It is all so neat and adaptable and an easy way of avoiding anything so old-fashioned and sentimental as inspiration. You can invert your note-shapes and reverse both the original and the inversion horizontally and get four variants of each; and you can transpose these again at any interval you fancy. When you have got the hang of the thing all you have got to do is to register love or hate or any of the subtler emotions and you are a fully qualified Schönbergian—until the Master orders a change of procedure.

At the B.B.C. concert on Wednesday the master showed how it is done. Logic is pleaded in explanation of these recondite Variations—logic that by the canons of any other art must be accounted the sheerest decadence. There never was a time when fine music was not at once understood. To "understand" these noises is not likely to add to this world's joy.

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THEATRE

By JOHN POLLOCK

New. Richard of Bordeaux. By Gordon Daviot.

ALL must wish success to high-minded effort. Miss Daviot's chronicle play of Richard II is that, and both she and those responsible for the production, with its magnificent costumes and ingenious scenery (the hand of Mr. Harcourt Williams is evident here), deserve our thanks. But thanks are blown by the enthusiasm of Mr. Gielgud's admirers to white heat. Is such warmth of reception quite justified? So established a custom has it grown to put modern sentiment and turns of speech into the mouths of past ages that Miss Daviot is safe on this score, though she pushes us somewhat hard by writing a scene in cockney of our day, a dialect unknown in London before Dickens. But these are small matters. Miss Daviot is out to paint a spiritual portrait of Richard II and by this she must be judged.

Shakespeare, tackling the same subject, starts with the last year of Richard's reign. Miss Daviot, more ambitious, gives a picture from the age of eighteen onwards. The view she seeks to present would seem to be that of an idealist, a cultured weakling, turned by base opposition and the loss of an inspiring wife into an embittered avenger, and brought back to beautiful thoughts by failure. Now this is to put history upon Procrustes' bed. The plain fact is that after Richard, turned twenty-two, had taken the power into his own hands, there ensued seven years—five of them following the queen's death—of advanced constitutional rule only broken by the change in Richard's character to which the Duke of Gloucester's plot in 1397 goaded him. Gloucester's plot Miss Daviot puts six years earlier, and she is four years wrong in the date of the banishment of the Dukes of Hereford and Norfolk that marked the beginning of the end. By such summary manipulation she dislocates the background and falsifies Richard's true character. The play is resolved into a fantasy.

Nor, judged as such, can one find complete satisfaction in "Richard of Bordeaux." Bereft by the author of the theatrical streak in the real Richard's character, comparable perhaps—save for the balance shown by his intermediate period—to that of William II of Hohenzollern, Mr. Gielgud follows her into a Scotch mist where his impersonation falls into disjointed bits. He is an actor of much nervous force but lacks in astonishing degree the technique of stance, movement, and gesture. That last essential to an actor, indeed, is almost wholly absent in him; and his diction is too often that of a gatling gun—speed without inflection. Therefore he is incapable of bridging, by the accomplishments of an artist, the queer gaps in Miss Daviot's personage or of lending weight to her no less strange lightness. It is a positive relief when such artists of the old guard as Mr. Hignett, Mr. Ben Webster, and Mr. Kinsey Peile give grip to their scenes with high professional finish. Compared to their quiet drive Mr. Gielgud seems a gifted boy. The only scenes

in which he convinced the present writer were those where escape from a definite line—e.g., of sustained scorn or burning hatred—is impossible.

Maybe Miss Daviot has given her principal actor a hopeless task. Apart from her failure to bring out salient traits in Richard, her whole treatment is often too light. One would think kingship, rebellion, revenge, murder to be simple affairs of daily life and not the warf and web of terrible doom. The only younger member of the company to bear up against this excessive ease is Mr. Donald Wolfitt as Mowbray—a deep and polished performance. "Richard of Bordeaux" claims to be judged by a high standard: it is praise even to apply it, for, whatever the play's shortcomings, the mere application proves its attempt to be notable.

Queen's. Head-on Crash. By Laurence Miller.

The danger of being, or of being advertised as, a new author is exemplified by the reception of this play. "Head-On Crash" is new itself: that is the important thing, and it is irrelevant whether it is the first or last of twenty plays by the same author, or his sole venture. Mr. Miller starts his play by giving you an emotion of maximum force and then, by a slow development of profound psychology, holding the tension to a logical climax. The method is only applicable to a very serious subject, and to bring it off successfully is a real achievement. Mr. Miller does bring it off and, in doing so, stirs his audience to the depths.

The shock delivered at the outset of "Head-On Crash" is the invitation, for sheer curiosity's sake, by a malignant woman to the country house of Lord Bretton of the man who had run down and killed their host's last surviving son. The moment is horrible: you have to grip your seat so as not to rush from the theatre. It is made bearable by the perfect acting of Mr. Cedric Hardwicke as the former Indian Governor, lofty, self-contained, infinitely sensitive, and of Miss Flora Robson as Penelope Otto, whose sole pleasure is torment of others or of herself. The old man's reception of this horror, his cat and mouse play with the slayer, the Biblical retribution he calmly exacts, and his utilising of it to liberate a loving young couple from Penelope's toils, and Penelope herself from the demon of her own wicked spirit, with the cleansing sacrifice of his own life in the same quietude as that of the execution he has carried out, form the stuff of an action as close, as palpitating as any seen this many a day on the stage, and one that cuts deeper than most, for it is action both in and on the soul.

Seldom has author had a more complete performance of his work. Seldom has London seen a deeper, fiercer play of psychological appeal. Only at one point, the second of the six scenes in which the play is moulded, does Mr. Miller's grip falter, and we wonder whether he is not about to lose himself in discursion; but he seizes the situation again, and thence onwards the tension grows fiercer till it is etherialised in the nobility of a truly tragic culmination. Mr. Cronin Wilson, Mr. Ernest Thesiger, Miss Gillian Lind, and Mr. S. J. Warrington take notable part in a fine work.

The Future in Dreams

By A Student of Life

LAST night with a view to trying an experiment I took up a small book in an hotel; it was a collection of short stories I had never seen before less than 30,000 words in length, "Minor Operations," by "Taffrail." I knew nothing of the book though I presumed from its title that the stories concerned the Navy and probably the War. Shutting my eyes, I suggested to the observer behind my conscious self that he should examine the immediate future and then put myself into a condition bordering on sleep by making my mind a blank. With an effort I prevented myself from going back into the inner silver light and kept myself in the borderland of visual images.

The first image to appear was a bird; I couldn't make out exactly what kind of a bird it was, but eventually decided it was a pigeon. Next there appeared an enormous fish apparently hooked and surging through the sea, then two elephants in succession, and a black beetle which turned into bees swarming out of a honeycomb. The whole business took about three minutes.

The visual images called up did not appear to have very much connection with the Navy; I doubted in particular whether bees could possibly find a place in the book. Before I started reading, it occurred to me that the reference to pigeon was clearly an impression of the past, as I had been informed that we were to have stewed pigeon for lunch to-day. I therefore drew a circle round "pigeon" in the list of images which I had written out. Then I started to read, and came across "H.M.S. Tarpon." The fish I had seen might well be a tarpon and then, I remembered, that it was in fact a reproduction of a photograph in an article on Tarpon Fishing that I had seen some time ago.

Next I read "Portsmouth dockyard was buzzing like a beehive." There followed later a paragraph on the "Bird" class of gunboats represented by H.M.S. Ptarmigan: when I came to think of it the bird I had called a pigeon might quite well have been a ptarmigan. Then there was a description of a ship swarming with cockroaches.

The book, however, contained not a word about one, let alone two, elephants: the observer had evidently gone astray. This morning, however, when I opened the *Times* and looked at a headline the first word I saw was "Elephant." Later I took up the *Morning Post*: again the word "Elephant" met me in the headline, and this time in connection with an entirely different piece of news. So there I had my two Elephants.

Some of my readers will realise that I had been reading J. W. Dunne's remarkable book "An Experiment in Time." There was, of course, nothing conclusive in my experiment; coincidence might account for the results; but taken in connection with Mr. Dunne's experiments it was suggestive for a first trial.

An old dream confirmed the impression. Fate ordained that twenty years ago I should cross the Channel in a dirigible balloon. About a week

before I started, I dreamed that I was in the car of that balloon over the sea. I stood leaning against a steel bar that divided the car into compartments, and looking towards the motors. Suddenly there came a loud explosion. The yellow gas-bag above, the car, and with them myself, plunged terrifically down into darkness.

Time passed, and when the dirigible had actually embarked on the Channel at St. Valéry-en-Caux, I was standing with a steel bar behind my back and the roaring motors in front of me. The sun was shining on the yellow gas-bag above my head. There came the sudden boom of an explosion. My dream came back to me, and for an instant I expected to be plunged down to death. My anticipation was not fulfilled. The airship flew smoothly on across the waves and one of the mechanics, who had also been frightened by the noise and had looked over the side, reassured me by yelling that our escorting destroyer, which was hidden from our sight by the floor of the car, had saluted us, as her captain had realised that we had the legs of him.

The way the dream was made up is clear enough after the event. A glimpse of the past, a memory of a recent disaster to a similar airship, the *République*, was the foundation, but in that case there was no explosion, no noise. A propeller broke, the gas-bag tore, and balloon and crew were precipitated to destruction. The details of my dream, my position with the steel bar at my back, and the motors in front of me and the loud noises obviously belonged to some other cerebral presentation. According to Mr. Dunne's theory and my own belief, I had caught in my sleep a glimpse of a future event.

Our dreams are made up almost equally of past memories and presentations of future events. It is, however, a law that the dreamer when he wakes is extremely reluctant to accept the existence of future elements in his dreams, for they contradict his habit of travelling from past to future. It is now generally agreed that Time is a fourth dimension through which we travel. Our Time is like a cinematograph film. The film shows a series of events, which includes a going clock. As the events occur, the hands of the clock move round, and that is the time of the film concerned, which we will call Time 1.

The film clock means nothing to the spectator in the picture palace. He will not set his watch by it; for his watch and that clock have no starting point in common and the movement of the clock hands depends arbitrarily on the speed with which the film is passed through the projector. The spectator lives in another Time—Time 2. Take a film of him, his surroundings and the picture on the screen so as to show a clock that gives his time, and the eventual spectator of that film will have a third and independent Time. And so on.

We must imagine that the film of past, present and future is stretched out full length and not rolled.

The spectator in the theatre is in charge of the light and keeps it focussed on the particular photograph which represents the present moment. Suppose there is a gap in the first film: the actor has gone off to have a rest and sleep. The spectator in the theatre has nothing on the screen to focus his attention, so he lets the light wander to and fro behind the film, so that sometimes a photograph that has been shown, sometimes one that will be shown, appears in a vague and flickering way.

Our consciousness is a series of observers in a series of times.

Everyone who is able to go back into himself is aware of a conviction that he has passed out of Time. It seems clear that he really passes into another Time, into a world with an extra Time dimension, in which the future or past of an earthly observer may be his present. Communication between those two worlds is very precarious; for in

waking moments the whole attention of both observers who are one and the same person, are focussed on this world. If the earthly observer relaxes as in sleep, the observer behind may allow his attention to wander through his own world, but he is handicapped because his vision cannot adjust its focus adequately. Moreover, the conscious self can only remember this adventure when it takes place in that region of visual images which is not far removed from consciousness. If the observer withdraws more fully into the world behind, he finds a state of pure feeling in which thought is an impediment.

I would advise all interested in this subject to study Mr. Dunne's book, which is now in its Second Edition. Even now its importance does not seem to have been fully realised, particularly in psychology.

Everest or Neverest ?

By C. F. Meade (*lately a member of the Everest Committee*)

THE new expedition to Mount Everest is now well on its way. By April it should be at work establishing the base camp at 21,000 feet at the head of the East Rongbuk Glacier at the very foot of the great peak.

What are the prospects? Much depends on the weather. Only three expeditions have visited Everest and there is consequently not enough evidence to lead to any conclusions about the general character of the weather in this district. At any rate the storms should be less frequent than on Kangchenjunga, for the latter mountain being nearer to the plains of India, is more exposed to the violence of both monsoons.

If the weather proves better than in 1924 during the last campaign on Everest, there will be a good chance of victory. The previous expeditions have reached a height of more than 28,000, that is to say that less than a thousand feet remain unclimbed. Thus the great problem to be solved is the nature of this last thousand feet. Fortunately from what has been seen of this upper part of Everest by the last expedition it is not what a mountaineer would call difficult. On the other hand this does not mean that to a man suffering acutely from mountain sickness these rocks would be either safe or easy. A climber at 28,000 feet has all he can do to put one foot in front of another, even on the easiest possible ground, and the upper rocks of Everest are not the easiest possible.

They are built up overlapping like the tiles of a roof and at steep enough slope to make walking on them a matter of skill and care. Moreover, they are likely to be smothered in that fine, slippery, hard-frozen, loose snow-dust characteristic of great altitudes. The inexperienced or exhausted climber in such places is likely to have recourse to hands and even knees, (a prohibitively slow method of progress), while a slip by any of the party is extremely difficult to check with the rope. Even the most experienced climbers, once they are badly

affected by altitude, are liable to become inattentive and to tread carelessly on such ground. Thus to negotiate this kind of slabs safely requires an enormous and most fatiguing effort of the will.

Except for those awkward rocks which mountaineers would not admit to be technically difficult, it is hoped that there are no genuinely formidable passages. But there can be no absolute certainty and if real difficulties do occur it is hardly conceivable that any climbing party at such a terrible height as 28,000 feet would have the strength to overcome them.

It is not only vitally important to have good weather, but everything will also depend on the successful preparation of adequate high camps. The highest camp in 1924 must be carried higher still if possible and made more comfortable and more capacious. When the assault party was launched from this highest camp in 1924, the accommodation was not sufficient to hold a second effective climbing party to act in support. It is essential to have at least two climbers as supports for the summit party and it should be the object of the leader to make sure that this safe-guard is made possible this year.

One question has still to be solved and that is whether to use oxygen. Enough light cylinders are being taken to enable the final assault party to use it above 28,000 feet should it be considered necessary. It will be for the leader on the spot to decide. The weight of even the lightest apparatus is a grave objection and the experience of past expeditions seems to show that on the whole, in spite of the results of laboratory experiments, acclimatisation without oxygen is safer and more practical.

In any case weather is the most important factor. Granted fine weather there are good reasons for believing that the problem of Mount Everest may be solved very early this summer.

NEW NOVELS

Reviewed by ANNE ARMSTRONG

Ann Vickers, by Sinclair Lewis. Cape. 7s. 6d.

Acorned Hog, by Shamus Frazer. Chapman & Hall. 7s. 6d.

Jealousy, by Norah James. Duckworth. 7s. 6d.

Mr. Pyecroft Goes to Heaven, by Rolf Bennet. Collins. 7s. 6d.

Mulliner Nights, by P. G. Wodehouse. Jenkins. 7s. 6d.

MR. LEWIS is concerned with two things; one is Ann Vickers, woman, social reformer and then, primarily, woman again; the other, various social and economic problems of modern American life. With anyone less competent, less a master of fiction, the one might well have swamped the other. Ann might have become an atrocity or the book resembled a tract, written by a long haired, furious fanatic. Not so with Mr. Lewis. The social problems are there and Ann Vickers is there, and the furious fanatic is not.

Ann works at this and that; she becomes a suffragette, a settlement worker, she spends a year or more in the prison at Copperhead Gap (prison reform becomes the big why and wherefore of her life) and lastly, and until we leave her, she is the superintendent of an Industrial Home for Women. But there is another side to Ann. She loves this man, that man; she is in trouble, she is out of trouble. She is neither very good, nor I think, very bad; but she is honest and true and brave and first and foremost a woman.

"Ann Vickers" is entirely delightful, intensely interesting, and will, I prophesy, be one of the best novels published this year. It is well balanced, carefully and painstakingly drawn. Mr. Lewis is never content to make his impression and then go skipping to his next high light. It is a thorough piece of work, built up by putting each stone in its right place and so far more likely to stand the test of time than a modern meretricious structure.

The social problems are here, too, and though they are obviously in relation to Ann, they suffer little from her proximity. Copperhead Gap was a cruelly wicked and disgraceful institution but Mr. Lewis is almost fiendishly fair. The officers in charge were not fit for their jobs but what of the prisoners? Has Mr. Lewis made them charming, homely people, probably unfairly incarcerated because of a mistake? No.

"Ann leaned her head against the wall of the corridor.

'So there are convicts who are just as vile as their keepers!'"

Judged by modern standards, which are hardly standards at all, there is nothing so very brilliant, or at all brilliant in its pages. It is just one of the fairest, one of the most alive, one of the best books that I have read for longer than I care to remember.

"Acorned Hog," on the other hand, is by a brilliant young man and is, or tries to be, brilliant from its first page to its last.

It lies a little way in the future; it is a satire; it

darts this way and that; it is immensely clever; and not a little amusing.

The socialists have the upper hand and James Laxative, M.P., has decided that first and foremost he must deal with the ancient University of Oxford. A bill is passed ordering a state examination and all undergraduates who cannot get into Class A have to start working at a really useful job. Our hero becomes a railway porter and his friend a lavatory attendant. This is a modern novel by a young man at Oxford and so, naturally, there is more talk of lavatories than of anything else. The hobby of one young man is to collect the names of various water-closets. Hardly clever, I suggest; and—very funny?

There is a rising through the length and breadth of the land in favour of one of the descendants of the merrie monarch Charles II, and Charles III, a beautiful production from the Silver Screen, is brought over from a Hollywood studio.

The tragedy of it is that there is certainly something very clever about this very new young man, and though it is a pity that he has seen fit to publish his first literary wild oats, we must forgive him, and look forward to his next book with pleasurable anticipation. For he has got down to the world. It is not, maintains Mr. Frazer, the sort of place that you and I should be content to live in; it is dull, it is drab, so why don't we do something about it? Will I be written down as old-fashioned, painfully stupid, if I submit that I, personally, would rather not live in Mr. Frazer's idea of a brighter one?

A clever satire, but what a tragedy that he wrote it in his cradle. It might have been so very much cleverer, so very much funnier. But clever and funny enough to ensure that we watch out for his next novel.

"Jealousy" is a drive from London to Gretna Green. Catherine, a widow, and Michael, a business man, are eloping to the famous Green and this is their wedding day. Why are they running away and how long is this ride going to take, anyway? And then, slowly, the story unwinds itself. From this milestone to that Catherine reconstructs her life. The husband who shot himself because of jealousy, the sister who loves Catherine too much even to wish for her, Catherine's, happiness; it all unfolds while the car runs smoothly northwards. From this telegraph pole to that Michael's life takes the wheel. His jealousy of Catherine in the first days of their meeting; how jealousy, and then more jealousy nearly wrecked everything. The story done, and Gretna reached, we leave these two, at the commencement of their married life, jealousy behind them, and happiness stretching out before them—"and they lived happily ever afterwards."

It is a difficult way to tell a story and not to bore in the telling. As it is, Miss James has told a delightful love story in a delightful and original way. I should like to hear more about Catherine and Michael. And what more can anyone say?

"Mr. Pyecroft Goes to Heaven" is one of the saddest funniest books I remember having read. Poor little man, he always caught the 8.55 to the city and, rather naturally, he gets a little tired of

it. He finds a chart with "Treasure" hidden on a desert island. With the ingenuity of a madman (and Mrs. Pyecroft was quite enough to make any man go mad) he fits out an expedition and gets his employers to foot the bill and to accompany him. They start, and our little Pyecroft is persuaded that he is Captain Flint.

It is funny, but also so very sad, to see the poor little man swaggering about in sea boots and with a pistol. When he comes to himself on the other side of the world and steps off the ship into the ocean in a vain attempt to catch the 8.55, I was almost in tears!

Some people's worst is better than other people's best. And so it is with Mr. Wodehouse. "Mulliner Nights" is very funny and guaranteed to make most of you hoot with laughter, but it is not the best thing he has done, or anywhere near it. There are some delicious characters in the book, and the Bishop of Bongo-Bongo's cat and an overdose of Buck-U-Uppo all made me chortle with joy. Mr. Mulliner tells a series of stories, and if they are not up to the standard of the best Wodehouse they are, I expect, good enough.

The Grand Tour

With a Passport and Two Eyes. By V. C. Buckley. Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.

IN an earlier and possibly wiser age, when a young man made the Grand Tour he was accompanied by a tutor who was capable of exploiting to the full the advantages of the journey and who could supply those deficiencies in his young charge due to his immaturity. It is a pity that the custom has languished, for it had much to recommend it.

Mr. V. C. Buckley recently made a journey round the world and wrote this book about it. He was armed with a passport and two eyes. It would appear that this equipment was scarcely adequate. Listen to Mr. Buckley as he orders his first meal in an American hotel:

The waitress asked me "Will you have crackers with your cheese?"

Now this was a perfectly normal hotel, we were in the middle of a very hot summer, so why on earth should the woman think I wanted to pull crackers with myself at lunch unless she fancied I looked a bit childish? So with rather a frigid look, I answered in my most "English accent," "I wasn't aware that this is a children's party. I certainly do not want any crackers with my cheese. Bring me some biscuits."

Mr. Buckley does not record any subsequent remarks made by the waitress, but he does tell us that on one occasion a tram car conductor in Sydney swore at him, while a Pullman car attendant near Los Angeles addressed him as "young fellow." This Mr. V. C. Buckley considered "over friendly."

But we must be fair to Mr. Buckley. To tread again the deep-trodden highways of the world and to write an interesting book about the doing of it is a difficult thing. The roads are so familiar and the little adventures that befall the traveller on his journey must be very skilfully handled if they are to entertain a reader of books, while the constant change of scene is apt to become wearisome.

Le Boudin

The Man Who Liked Hell. By Ex-Sergeant A. R. Cooper. Jarrolds. 12s. 6d.

"WHO is this bloody man? . . . It is the sergeant." Thus does Shakespeare give us (Macbeth Act I sc. 2) the clue to Mr. Cooper's character and actions that he himself claims, with a fine bravado, often to be those of "a bad hat."

Mr. Cooper was thirteen when being at an American school in Constantinople, where his father was engaged in business as an engineer, he hit his elder brother on the head with a heavy key and came near killing him. He was imprisoned sent to England, to school, to sea, always ran away and, at the age of fifteen and a half, joined the Légion Etrangère. This was in 1914. Légionnaire de Bruin—the name he gave—served well in Algeria, was wounded at the Dardanelles, and was discharged in 1916 owing to his family's application as being under age, with a medal and the mention *Belle conduite au feu*, to spend the rest of the war without glamour or thrill in the British army.

Une fois Légionnaire, toujours Légionnaire, they say in that astonishing regiment. And sure enough in 1919 Légionnaire Cooper, this time under his own name, passed again through the depot at the old Fort St. Jean at Marseilles. He served till 1924—five years is the term of enlistment—and on October 24 of the same year re-enlisted once more, not getting his final discharge till 1930. He had been corporal, sergeant, and member of the secret service, but as often as he got on his *daemon* of insubordination tripped him up and forced him to hurt himself. It was only lateish in his career that he fully caught what he calls "the spirit of the Legion," which glories in its traditions, hardships, daredevilry, and dangers.

Ex-Sergeant Cooper has something of a down on Major Wren, our other chief authority on life in the Legion: perhaps he feels that Major Wren anticipated him a little. In reality Major Wren's novels and articles and Mr. Cooper's memoirs complete one another, and each bears striking testimony to the other's fundamental truthfulness. No one, with Mr. Cooper's book at hand, has now an excuse for talking of the Foreign Legion as existing to be a refuge for criminals and scallywags, though such do exist within it. No one dares say that it is not a glorious force of the highest military temper. Its discipline is hard, its punishments severe, its trials great, but its ambitions are magnificent and its achievements unique. *Le Boudin* is the name of its march.

In Mr. Cooper's pages you shall read of its organisation, its customs, its tricks and loves and hates, and of "the redemption a man may achieve through it." In his preface Mr. Cooper writes: "I would advise a man to commit suicide rather than join the Legion, and yet twice since I have been at home in England I have been to the station with the intention of going back." We commend Mr. Cooper's book to all who love adventure and fearful truth and tales of courage well told.

Fifty Years of Verse

Reviewed by Ashley Sampson

Modern English Poetry (1882-1932). By R. L. Mégroz. Nicholson & Watson. 8s. 6d. net.

MR. Mégroz has lost none of his charm in this new vein. In his biographies—"Walter de la Mare," "The Three Sitwells," and "Joseph Conrad"—the mingled function of critic and biographer gave ample scope for a certain delightfully intimate way of revealing these personalities to the reader; but, in the present volume, the biographical element being nearly eliminated, there is less opportunity for the personal touch. Nevertheless, as the author hastens to disclose in the opening chapter, there is a certain "aura" of personality about poetry which does not distinguish more narrowly intellectual forms of expression.

Poetry might be defined as the art of conveying through words more than the words have ever expressed before. Every poem is in this sense a discovery of a beauty latent in us which awaited incarnation, but it is first of all the poet's discovery of his own perceptions and feelings: the richer the poem the more is demanded of the reader who would share the discovery. Clearly, then, poetry is more personal than the conclusions of the rational faculty or the communal feelings that are slowly crystallised into moral principles.

Poetry and Life

This is a very sound piece of exposition on a much over-written theme; and Mr. Mégroz keeps this contentment in sight throughout his book—so that his criticism of poetry never becomes quite divorced from his criticism of life. He divides the field up into schools rather than into periods—thus putting A. E. Housman and Alice Meynell with Wilde and Symonds among the Decadents. The poets who preceded this age—Rossetti, Morris and Swinburne—he accuses of forming a kind of "Rossetti-Morris-Swinburne" block, which is the rock of tradition out of which philosophical background much subsequent poetry was hewn until Mr. Chesterton restored to English verse its original Christian background.

Now this is a bold view to express in an age that seems never to weary of hearing about the "Christian Mythology," and whose creative literature is largely moulded by Donne and the Caroline poets. Moreover, the influence of Blake—a Christian metaphysician if ever there was one—is wide-spread to-day. Perhaps Mr. Mégroz means us to understand by this rather startling assertion that in the poetry of Mr. Chesterton and a few others we have preserved the unsophisticated Christianity of Chaucer and Malory—before English literature became contaminated with Greek and Roman influences. Francis Thompson, Alice Meynell and Coventry Patmore all wrote against a strongly Catholic background, but there is little resemblance between their poetry and that of Mr. Chesterton.

By way of Robert Bridges and Gerrard Manly Hopkins (of whom we get a particularly pene-

trating survey) we find ourselves in the present century; and Mr. Mégroz is far from insensible to its beauties. He divides its stages up into those of "dream poetry" (Edward Thomas, Walter de la Mare, W. J. Turner)—"eloquent poetry" (Flecker, John Masefield, Drinkwater, Herbert Palmer) and "technical developments" (Hopkins, Laurence, Eliot)—which means that we dip back into the past to take continual refreshment from the various sources. This is a very scholarly and enlightening piece of work. There is no endeavour to set off one school against another or to place any of them in water-tight compartments. He readily allows one type to shade off into another and often shows how individual poets (Hopkins, Rossetti, and Masefield, for instance) will answer almost equally well to two or more such descriptions.

Letting Himself Go

His praise of Mr. T. S. Eliot is often grudging; and he seems to hint, in more than one paragraph, that Mr. Eliot's band of disciples are his worst enemies. This has been the fate of many pioneers before Mr. Eliot; but it is perhaps true of Mr. Eliot to an unusual degree. In fact Mr. Mégroz allows himself some real bitterness for the first time when, near the close of his book, he finds that he must really come to grips with this "Eliot" problem. In a chapter, which is rather significantly headed "The Real Decadence," he no longer beats about the bush; but delivers his mind on the subject in no uncertain terms.

As a thinker Eliot is as unsubtle as Tennyson, which is perhaps why he similarly became the voice of his age. It is certainly the reason why he is able to maintain his cynical irony so continually in "The Waste Land," otherwise the vistas to imagination opened up by the diverse objects of his scholarly treasure-trove would have broken up the Hamlet-mood. (By the way, in case admirers of this poet mistake the comparison with Tennyson for an injustice to Eliot, let us remember that Shakespeare's Hamlet is very small beer as a thinker. Everything depends upon intensity of mood and the verbal power of expression. "The Waste Land" is a modern Hamlet.)

This does not tell us much; but it leaves us with a feeling that Mr. Mégroz has got a good deal off his chest in saying it! For the most part, however, his argument is sound and distinguished by that leisurely reasonableness which we have come to associate with his works of biography. It is fatally easy to dwell too long long upon the distribution of space afforded to various authors in a book of this kind; but Mr. Mégroz will perhaps forgive a slight digression in this direction made out of admiration for all he has achieved in a small space. One would like to have read more of his views on Robert Graves; and to have heard some mention of Richard Hughes and more of Miss V. Sackville-West; and what about Humbert Wolfe?

Great Sport, Great Stories

Sport across the World. By Count C. A. C. de Lewenhaupt. Jarrold's. 18s.

NO reviewer could say that the author, a fine figure of a Swedish officer, as the frontispiece shows, does not give in his lively volume full measure of interest and entertainment. His story ranges from West to East, from Sweden to America and Corsica and England, to India and Egypt. It is the story of the sporting travels of himself and his wife; it bristles with tall yarns, some hard enough to swallow whole; it tells us strange things of men and beasts and fishes, it is enlivened with a sense of humour and informed by a breathless interest that sweeps the reader along very happily.

The gallant Count is an ardent and humane sportsman, using a skill with gun, rifle, and revolver about which he has no false modesty. And he joins to a keenness in the field or by the swamp an understanding love of animals that gives a peculiar charm to his rather queer and original book. He is not content to catalogue his kills and describe his hunting after the customary manner of such books. He prefers to tell us all about the odd people he meets—such as the Englishman whom he cured of sea-sickness or the Arab who traded a blind camel successfully by cutting out its eyes and inserting eyes of glass—the negroes with whom he made firm friends, and always the dogs who became his temporary but devoted companions.

Thus we get to know and enjoy Spot, Frank and Cricket during a three months hunting from The Moon Lake Hut on the Mississippi—perhaps the most readable chapter in the book—and Caesar Alexander, who had the painful and malodorous adventure with a dying polecat. They are all lovable and well worth knowing and one is grateful to the Count for their acquaintance.

Yet it is possible to be delighted chiefly by the slight introductory chapter which tells us very simply of the author's boyhood in Sweden, on what the auctioneer would call a "fine sporting and residential estate," and of how the lure of sport and the love of animals came to colour all his life.

Sweden, as many Englishmen know, is a still untrammelled land of sport and good sportsmanship, where wonderful hospitality is found, and where a day's shooting ends—or did so quite recently—with the sort of banquet that Englishmen, accustomed to wash it down with a mere cup of tea or a whisky and soda, may mistake for an orgy. And the spirit of sporting Sweden pervades most happily this first chapter, which is, perhaps, more illuminating than the author has realised himself.

It has in it the spirit of place, the charm of manners, and the revelation of a personality still in the act of growing. It explains all that follows, and leads one to the rest in quite the right mood.

There have been a thousand books on all sorts of sporting adventures. Here is a new model and it makes very excellent reading.

Thirty Murderesses

Such Women are Dangerous. By Harold Dearden. Hutchinson. 10s. 6d.

That such women are dangerous would be apparent to the meanest intelligence and we are quite willing to accede this point to Mr. Dearden—such women are dangerous; horribly and fascinatingly so. But it would be interesting if, in the case of a book such as this one, the author would be willing to indicate the reason for its publication. Has Mr. Dearden published this book because he feels that we must be warned? So that we shall peer into the faces of those women whom we shall be meeting in the near future in order to find some likeness to his thirty heroines? Has the book been published as one whose sales will soar by its somewhat unsavoury contents? The age being the present one and public taste having deteriorated more and more, until murders and sensational events have driven less meretricious news from the front pages of our newspapers, the last consideration is probably the correct one.

But, public taste being what it is, let us say at once that "Such Women are Dangerous" deserves huge sales. Amy Dugan kept a home for Old People, and with staggering regularity slowly and surely the Old People died. The sisters Flanagan had a most satisfactory little business; their clients were insured and then dosed with a concoction of tea and fly-paper; the clients were no more and the little business prospered. Annie Monaghan also believed in insurance; three husbands and a niece all brought in tidy little sums, and it was some time before Mrs. Monaghan's business was wound up.

Mr. Dearden is a psychologist and this knowledge, coupled with an ironical humour of the first order, all serve to make this book certain of instant success. He has made it more than readable; it is clever and exciting and, at the same time, sensationally repelling.

Thirty cases—some of them already having seen the light of day in the daily press—are thirty reasons why the present age will consider the book worth ten and sixpence.

Ten and sixpence or thirty pieces of silver?

Maria Jane Jewsbury. Occasional Papers selected with a Memoir. By Eric Gillett. Oxford University Press (Milford). 6s. 6d.

Mr. Gillett is to be congratulated on a highly meritorious piece of rescue-work. Keeping himself in the background, as a good biographer should, he has put together a vivacious portrait of a young lady—she died at the age of 33—whose spritely personality sparkles in the literary setting of the early 19th century. The friend of Wordsworth and Mrs. Hemans, she was a good letter-writer and an essayist of considerable merit. One is apt to forget that the "Annuals" of that time included contributions of so high a standard as these re-published in this book. Mr. Gillett has wisely refrained from inflicting too much of her poetry upon us. It speaks well for Maria Jane's sense of humour that she does not seem to have set much store by it herself.

Novels in Brief

The Gold Falcon. Faber & Faber. 7s. 6d.

This anonymous novel deserves attention on account of its distinction of style and its power of forcing a picture in front of one's eyes, but of its subject matter one cannot say quite so much. Manfred, airman and poet, leaves his wife and goes to New York where, although he still claims to love her deeply, he is not averse to passionate interludes with other women. It's the same old excuse again, restlessness after the War. But we learn that in Heaven Manfred and his Ann are together again.

Read this novel for the quality of its writing, but don't expect the story to come up to the same high level.

Fate at the Fair. By Miles Burton. Crime Club (Collins). 7s. 6d.

Mr. Burton has written a first-rate detective story. Its characters have life, and it moves quickly without demanding too much effort from the reader. At the end, by an original stroke, the reader grasps the secret before the amateur detective and is pleasantly flattered by his own perspicacity.

The Lost Page of the Book. By Phyllis Silberrad. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

Miss Silberrad has written an agreeable book on conventional romantic lines. It provides good entertainment and leaves a pleasant taste behind. The beautiful orphan, her noble Dutch lover, a double-dyed villain or two, a cypher and a treasure all play their allotted parts, until the wicked have slain one another and virtue is rewarded.

Simon's Wife. By Audrey Lambert. Eldon. 7s. 6d.

When three men, one her husband, love the same woman, you may be sure that the husband's love will triumph in the end. To that end, obviously there must be a tragedy in which one of the other men is eradicated. The third man's love is, of course, selfless. Miss Lambert follows this well-worn trail in "Simon's Wife," and if her book is not distinguished by much originality of treatment, yet it is none the less a pleasant and readable book.

The Charm of Innocence. By Lady Evelyn Giffard. Eldon. 7s. 6d.

Margaret Polruan gets engaged to the wrong man who, rather conveniently, breaks it off when her family lose their money. After various adventures, the family fortunes are restored and the right man, being just in time to find Margaret as she is about to die on the Embankment (!), rescues and marries her.

"The Charm of Innocence" is very light and should tax no one's mental powers.

The Motor Rally Mystery. By J. Rhode. Crime Club (Collins). 7s. 6d.

The story is ingenious but not convincing, and the reader is invited to give more attention to certain details of the plot than it is really worth.

The Way of Knowledge

Guide to Modern Thought. By C. E. M. Joad. Faber. 6s.

MR. JOAD is a clear thinker and never in the world's history has clear thinking been more desirable. Scientists, first-class brains in their own departments, have been launching out into philosophical speculations for which they are utterly unqualified. As Mr. Joad says of the physicists:

Unable to carry the analysis of matter further without raising philosophical problems, physicists show a tendency to do their philosophising for themselves. Inadvisedly, as one cannot but feel, for the philosophising of the physicists is noticeably inferior to their physics, and eminent men are at the moment engaged in making all the mistakes which the philosophers made for themselves some three hundred years ago and have been engaged in detecting and correcting ever since.

In these days, when the books of Sir James Jeans and Professor Eddington are widely read by a public incapable of judging them critically, it is high time that attention should be drawn to the serious limitations of their philosophical notions.

To all who are interested in life, this *Guide to Modern Thought* may be thoroughly recommended, for it provides in the simplest language a reasoned summary of the contributions that are being made by science towards answering those fundamental questions which man by his very nature must ask himself.

Our author has a catholic mind and, convinced rationalist as he is, has no unscientific prejudice against giving scientific attention to what is sometimes called the supernatural or occult. He takes no very decided stand in this matter, and one would have liked him to carry a little further Dunne's theory of dreams, based on the notions of serial time and a serial observer, which is really not so hard of comprehension as he suggests. It would seem to fit in well with certain theories which he is inclined to favour.

So far science cannot be said to have contributed very much towards that understanding of the universe after which every human being gropes blindly. The first thirty years of the 20th century have shattered the materialism of the 19th century and left us very much as we were. It is on the ground of psychology that science and religion or intuition may be expected to make peace, and Mr. Joad's summary of the advances recently made in that very youthful branch of science is disappointing. There is no reference to the tendency of the younger school of psychologists to leave what might be called the materialism of Freud and seek a solution in an idealism that borders on mysticism.

The book ends with an anti-climax, a chapter on Psychology and Modern Literature, which, one hopes, was an after-thought. For the conclusion of thought must surely be life not literature. It contains, however, some shrewd criticism and, if Mr. Joad is too merciful to the half-wits who do not realise that art is in its essence selective, he deals faithfully with D. H. Lawrence and the over-emphasis which makes his book so dull.

CITY.—BY OUR CITY EDITOR.

Lombard Street, Thursday.

SENIOR members of the Stock Exchange find it somewhat difficult to draw a comparison between the present Kaffir "boom" and that of 1895, but the general consensus of opinion is that last century saw the record volume of activity in South African gold shares, though 1902 and 1933 are not far behind. Throgmorton Street has certainly presented a busy appearance since the publication of the first month's gold mining returns on the basis of a gold price of £6 per ounce fine. The returns of gross profits were sensational, especially in the case of properties thought to be almost worked out. City Deep returned profits of £40,667 against £6,383 in December and Rose Deep returned £21,000 against £2,500. The rush to acquire cheap shares is easily understood and even now people are busy showing that the rise in prices of the shares has by no means discounted the huge rise in profits. Still, one cannot help feeling that share quotations may be exalted enough when some of the adverse possibilities are taken into account. The South African Government's proposals for taxation of the increased profits, if such proposals exist, have yet to be made known, while demands for wage increases are only to be expected from mine workers on the Rand.

The Big "If."

Whatever heights or depths South African gold mining shares may reach on the Stock Exchange, their intrinsic value depends upon the price of gold in the future. If this is maintained at around £6 per ounce fine then some, at least, of the elaborate valuations which have appeared of the various leading shares must be justified. The expected increase in gold production, however, should lead to a rise in the price of commodities in terms of gold and this in itself would seem likely to place a great strain upon France and America as the chief purchasers of gold in the open market. The return to a full gold standard by Britain and by the other countries which follow sterling, at a lower level than that ruling in September, 1931, when the gold standard was abandoned, would of course ensure a high price for gold in terms of currency and also an adequate market for the large supply of gold which might be expected to come forward. In that case, the life of the mines would be definitely extended. That the mines themselves are confident of this development is evident from the news that Randfontein Estates propose raising new capital for the extension of their reduction plant.

But meanwhile any improvement in sterling, with a consequent fall in the price for gold in the market, is sufficient to cause realisations from those able to take a profit in the highly speculative Kaffir market, and it should be noted that such profit-taking is followed immediately by an improvement in the demand for the active industrial favourites. During the height of the boom a week ago in mines Imperial Chemical ordinary, for instance, fell away to 24/9d., but the price quickly

recovered at the hint of reaction in the Kaffir market. Any such mild slump in the favourite industrials gives genuine investors the chance to enter the market on favourable terms. Those who feel that they cannot resist the glamour of the Kaffir market can avoid some of the risk entailed by purchasing the shares of the Finance companies, Central Mining, Johannesburg, General Mining, Consolidated Gold Fields, and Anglo-American Corporation. The investments of these groups must have appreciated enormously and, while they are dependent on their shareholdings for income, they are in a position to guard against many of the risks of the market while they obviously benefit most from any favourable developments.

Wise Spending

The last of the meetings of the "Big Five" banks were not without interest, despite the ground covered by the Chairman of Barclays Midland, and National Provincial. Extreme and unconsidered economy in the expenditure of public authorities was condemned by the Hon. Rupert Beckett, Chairman of Westminster Bank, in the course of an enlightening speech, Mr. Beckett pointing out that productive development schemes involved no permanent charge on the taxpayer, Mr. Beckett and, later, Mr. Beaumont Pease at Lloyd's Bank meeting, drew attention to the failure to achieve any improvement in the price level by artificial means in the absence of the revival of confidence which alone could persuade industry to take advantage of the present facilities for cheap financing. Mr. Beaumont Pease had also the somewhat more difficult task of defending, before the shareholders of Lloyds Bank, the dividend policy of the directors faced with declining profits.

Tea Shares

The scheme for the restriction of Tea exports from the chief producing countries is now nearing the stage when its final acceptance cannot be long delayed. The scheme is to operate for five years under supervision of the governments of the various countries concerned and is based on a quota system as in the case of the Tin exports scheme. The leading Tea brokers as well as the producers are confidently anticipating a considerable improvement in Tea prices from last season's unremunerative level, and Tea shares have already come into strong demand on the better outlook for the producers, though out-turn, of course, will be restricted. Tea companies are not highly capitalised and in the case of many only a small improvement is needed in order to cover the preference dividend, leaving some margin for the ordinary shareholders. There have been big advances from last year's lowest prices in the shares of the leading companies, such as Jokai, Jhanzie, Doom-Dooma, Dimbula, Consolidated Tea and Lands, Nuwara Eliya, etc., but some of the smaller companies' shares have not yet advanced in proportion. In some cases the application of the restriction scheme may mean the prompt liquidation of arrears of preference dividend.

FILMS

BY MARK FORREST

The Sign of the Cross. Directed by Cecil de Mille. Carlton.

The Conquerors. Directed by William Wollman. New Gallery.

Rome Express. Suburban Release.

WITH much trumpeting, alarms and excursions "The Sign of the Cross" has made its appearance at the Carlton. Mr. Cecil de Mille, whose spectacular ventures in the days of the silent screen brought his name into prominence, directs it and has paid all his old attention to raising a gigantic statue with feet of clay. Here is Poppaea (Claudette Colbert) in her bath of asses' milk—and by the size of the bath sorely taxing the capacities of the wretched animals; Nero fiddling while Rome burns and an orgy with the Christians as a dainty dish to set before the Emperor. It is all very magnificent, but as the scenario seems to have been compiled from uncensored stories of ancient Rome, for boys and girls between the ages of eight and ten, the whole effect is a little ludicrous.

Charles Laughton has girded on a false nose in honour of the Emperor, but his characterisation makes no attempt to live up to the strength of his make-up. If he or the scenario writers studied the character and came to the conclusion that Nero reigned fourteen years, poisoned Britannicus and his own mother, took the future Emperor, Otho's, wife as mistress, afterwards married her, restored freedom to Greece and eventually committed suicide, all in a fit of petulant homo-sexualism, then there is no more to be said.

Elissa Landi plays the Christian girl for whose fair mien Marcus Superbus (Frederic March) is willing to go hand in hand into the arena to face the lions; her performance is a sincere piece of work, but the film to my mind is as much an offence against Christianity as it is against scholarship.

"Nero! My God! To Thee?" would be a more suitable hymn for the Christians to chant, and the title of the picture should be "The Sign of the Times." I do not, however, doubt its success, for the camera has worked marvels and there is plenty of action, however misguided, to keep an uninstructed audience quiet.

"The Conquerors" at the New Gallery tries to put the present slump in proper perspective. The picture opens with the Wall Street crash of 1873 from which Roger Standish (Richard Dix) and his sweetheart (Ann Harding) go westward to find salvation. No sooner have they got the banking system on its feet there than the slump of 1893 engulfs them. Standish saves the bank by throwing in his private fortune and the film ends with his son doing the same thing in the present crisis. I am by no means convinced that two such altruists exist in any family—let alone an American banking one—but it is all good sound popular stuff.

"Rome Express" is released in the suburbs this week and is a credit to British pictures.

Next Week's Broadcasting

THERE is a certain type of person who, when asked if he listens to the Children's Hour, becomes faint with astonishment and outraged dignity. If such people are capable of accepting advice they might rid themselves of their prejudices by listening to the 5.15 programmes next week.

On Monday Cecil Dixon will be playing piano solos. Most people know that Miss Dixon was responsible for most of the piano interludes before the "doomp" machine joined the staff.

Tuesday sees a repeat performance of "Dreadful Doings in Ark Street," by S. G. Hulme-Beaman. The Toytown Family is immortal. In particular Ernest the Policeman's frequently expressed devotion to "dooty," and the obiter dicta of Captain Higgins on the subject of gentility should be inscribed in the hearts of every true Britain.

It is to be hoped that the Family Party on Wednesday will afford Victor Hely-Hutchinson the opportunity to give his Handelian version of "Old Mother Hubbard," and that we may learn from "Mac" how the Hottlepijs are coming along in his garden at Bugle Manor.

The second of du Garde Peach's plays on "The Roads of England" will be given on Thursday. The first of the series last Thursday was beautifully written and perfectly acted by Cyril Nash and Richard Goolden.

Friday is Commander Stephen King-Hall's day; he is a brave man who would scoff at Commander King Hall's lucid explanation of current events.

Gramophone Notes

First-rate orchestral records have dwindled so sadly in recent months that there is a special pleasure in seeing at least one good album included in the H.M.V. list for February. There is no finer orchestra in the world than the Philadelphia with Leopold Stokowski in command, and their playing of Tchaikovsky's Fourth Symphony will be welcomed by all connoisseurs.

Fräulein Ria Ginster, who recently made her début here, has joined the ranks of H.M.V. singers and has two records—one much to her credit (*Voi che sapete*) and the other slightly to her debit (*Martern aller arten* from "*Die Entführung aus dem Serail*"). In the former the voice is sweet and the style secure; in the latter the voice seems strained. Two fiddle records by Yehudi Menuhin will increase the prestige of that uncannily-gifted youth: one of Wieniawski's *Scherzo Tarantelle* and the other (not quite so astounding) of Schubert's *Ave Maria* in Wilhelms's arrangement.

For those who have a fancy for big choral singing there are a couple of choruses from "*The Creation*" of Haydn, sung by the Royal Choral Society with the orchestra of the London Philharmonic under Malcolm Sargent. And to those who have a soft corner in their hearts for the authentic rhythm of a Strauss dance I recommend the Vienna Philharmonic Orchestra's record of *Love Songs Waltz*.

CORRESPONDENCE

A Lesson from the States

SIR,—As an average consumer of electricity I have been extremely interested in the lucid explanations recently given in the *Saturday Review* of the supply and distribution situation as affected by the activities of the Joint Electricity Authority. I am in entire agreement with your view that the closest scrutiny should be given to all the circumstances before any undertaking (whether it be that of a public company or a municipality) is passed over to the control of a State-appointed body such as the Joint Electricity Authority is.

As you are enlightening your readers on what is a subject of the utmost importance you may be interested to learn of an extraordinary development which has just taken place in America.

The news of it is contained in an editorial statement by the *Electrical World*, of New York, and it involves "retracing our steps in some measure and taking new roads." In no country has centralisation and mass production been so highly developed as in the United States, and the following statements are, therefore, of the greatest significance: "Light and power growth was first premised on large generating plants concentrated in location, with widespread transmission systems over large areas—the larger the service area the more economical the operation. To-day economy in all aspects of the business, as well as good service requirements, indicates that a rather restricted area is sufficient for one operating management. Also many relatively small generating stations and few transmission lines is the most economical system arrangement. . . . An analysis of the growth of manufacturers shows that small plants or branch plants are being built in each market area and, on the whole, these are more prosperous than the large plants supplying the national market because they restrict their activities to sales in these local areas. The manufacturers who make one product for the national market with a single production plant in one location are suffering the greatest losses."

The comment of the *Electrical Times*, which is one of the expert papers in this country, is as follows: "We see that there is a strong movement in favour of decentralisation, dividing up the country into 'logical economic areas,' each area to be self-sustaining as to production and consumption. Were these ideas merely the opinion of a solitary contributor we would not quote them. But as they are written by the Editor and presumably reflect opinion in responsible quarters, they cannot be ignored. They may not necessarily apply to English conditions in all respects but we certainly never expected to see such a revolution of fundamental first principles in the States."

As the *Saturday Review* is, as far as I know, the first organ of public opinion in this country to express reasoned doubt about the alleged advantages of the nationalisation or rationalisation of electricity supply and distribution, I thought it would be especially interested to learn of the situation in the United States—where it has been tried out.

Brighton.

A CONSUMER.

" Aliens " By Marriage

SIR,—Why all this fuss about women who marry foreigners? Unless indeed it is simply that the old Suffragette St. Vitus is making them dance again! A woman marrying a foreigner adopts her husband's nationality. There is no stigma of shame about changing your nationality. Many men do for various and often good reasons. It would certainly often be found excessively tiresome on practical grounds for husband and wife to have different nationalities. Cases exist where a wife may have two nationalities, the wife retaining her original nationality within the country of her birth, but it might lead to endless trouble should she retain it, being married to a foreigner and resident in his country. I understand that an Englishwoman resident in England and married to a foreigner objects

to having to register with the police as an alien, but this annoyance has now been removed. Is the objection to the word "alien"? If so it is a very silly one. The word merely signifies that the person to whom it applies has a foreign nationality. This in the case of the women who now object, is the patent fact. We might be not a little irritated if American or French women who have married British subjects could claim to be protected or exempted from British law while nevertheless benefitting from it. Then why should Englishwomen who have married foreigners be put in a different position?

And in heavens name, are not Englishwomen enough darlings of the law already without having further privileges and exemptions manufactured for them?

Streatham.

RICHARD DOE.

Snuff and Service

SIR,—In a recent issue, you publish a letter from Mr. Henry White, who inquires whether there is more than one remaining London private Bank, and your correspondent asserts that Glyns are linked up to a combine.

In view of your footnote to Mr. White's letter, will you allow me to correct his statement, for in point of fact, as the Bankers' Almanac clearly shows, Glyns are still, as they have always been, a private Bank. Actually, they are now a combination of three private Banks—Glyns, Childs and Holts—and there are no outside shareholders.

I believe I am right when I say that snuff taking is not unknown in Childs Bank, which is perhaps to be expected, as the history of this institution dates back to the reign of James the First.

P. E. CHEEK.

136, Banstead Rd., Carshalton Beeches, Surrey.

SIR,—So far as I am aware there are quite a few private banks still remaining in London. Offhand, I know of Child's Bank in Fleet Street, Barings, Derlangers and Rothschilds. These are all I can think of at the moment, but there may still be others.

OVERDRAFT.

Naval and Military Club.

The Face to Do It

SIR,—Fashions come and go. Woman remains, quite permanently adorable and incomprehensible. But one of her delicious whims threatens to outstay its welcome. She still powders her face, lipsticks her lips, doctors her eyebrows and her lids in front of our quite undusted noses. She has been doing it for quite a long time now, and all the male threats to whip out a shaving brush at lunch or wash behind the ears from a finger bowl at dinner have been proved empty. No miserable man ever retaliates against a woman.

But isn't it almost time for the surrender of woman's private bathrooms in perfectly public places?

Westminster.

G. HERRICON.

Interest Charges

SIR,—I suppose it is kicking against the pricks to expect banks to lower overdraft charges. But 5 p.c. is a serious burden on productive trade. It is not as if we all paid that: the favourites of the managers only pay 4½ p.c. The same game goes on with deposit accounts.

Since the war banking has been a ring; a host of fresh profitable charges are added and an army of branches are unnecessarily opened. It is the high road to national control. Only one big bank fights for trade. A reduction to 4 p.c. on all interest charges would be a godsend to traders.

THE LAST NAME.

F.C.2.

" British Throughout "

SIR,—The British Industries Fair will again stimulate us to "Buy British." The Empire Marketing Board is once more an exhibitor, this time with more Dominions and Colonies in its section than ever before.

We have travelled far since the days when the voices of those crying in the wilderness first urged us to "buy British." We have even adopted the slogan "sell

British," and, according to recent figures, we are doing it very effectively.

I should like to suggest a further variant of the slogan—"British Throughout"—which, if adopted, would, I believe, go a long way to stimulate employment.

We already get a large proportion of our raw materials from the Empire, but not all of them are yet produced by British machinery. Wool from Australia and butter from New Zealand are two cases in point. Much of Australia's wool is clipped with foreign shears, much of the milk which goes to make New Zealand butter is separated on foreign separators. Many other examples of the same thing could be found.

Dorking.

ANGUS KENNEDY.

The Public Trustee

SIR,—There is, of course, nothing like leather, but I wish some of your readers would tell me why the Public Trustee is allowed to remind us of this fact so loudly and so often. This week he has been at it again.

Not, as one might expect, before the Law Society, but at the Cordwainers' Hall—there is nothing like leather—Sir Oswald Simpson, owing to illness, deputed an assistant to read a hearty defence of his life and office. (There is no cause for alarm, because we are always being told that one of the advantages possessed by the Public Trustee over all others is that he never dies.)

May I quote and comment on one or two items of his defence? First of all we are told that his office has not cost the tax-payer a penny! Why on earth should it? We private trustees are not paid for our services, unless as solicitors we are entitled to make the usual small charges. It is not the experience of those who have had dealings with the Public Trustee that the charges of his office compare favourably with those of a private solicitor. The office is therefore self-supporting, and I can conceive of no reason why the general tax-payer should contribute to the administration of private trusts in which he is not concerned.

Next we are told that there is "no foundation for the suggestion that the Public Trustee, as one Government Department, inevitably plays into the hands of the Inland Revenue as another Government Department." On the contrary, they actually dispute claims for death duties and income-tax. In other words, they carry out the elementary duties of trustees instead of paying without question whatever the Treasury through its minions chooses to demand. Wonderful!

The rest of the Public Trustee's apologia was taken up with a complacent record of the growth and magnitude of the business entrusted to him. The Department has something like 200,000 beneficiaries of the funds under its control. This seems to me a lamentable confession. To think that so many thousands of men have been unable in making their wills to find friends or relations or lawyers whom they felt able to entrust with the interests of those they leave behind them. For generations the private trustee, acting from no personal motive, has been one of the mainstays of English family life. No doubt there is a place for a Public Trustee, just as it is useful and necessary to have that mysterious organisation which controls the affairs of wards in Chancery, but it is no subject for rejoicing that his business should be increasing. There are not many branches of life in which we Englishmen are still allowed to manage our own affairs; but, if we can possibly avoid it, surely no one making a marriage settlement or a will should deliberately put his head and that of his descendants into the noose of bureaucracy.

One other point. The Public Trustee assures us that in the matter of income-tax his department does not play into the hands of another department. Can he assure us that the same holds true of investments? When a trustee stock is paid off and has to be re-invested, are his ears quite deaf to the desire of the Treasury to support some particular stock, which may not be suited to the special needs a family of which he must know far less than a private trustee, probably a member or old friend of the family, or a family solicitor who knows all the circumstances? I only ask for information, and I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

BUT NOT A LAWYER.

Old-Boy-itis

SIR,—Why do respectable old gentleman whose range of clothes never departs from the sombre and sub-fusc revel in the flashing cacophonies of certain public school ties? Why do men who have had no connection with a public school sport this delusive kind of label? What in fine is the psychology of the school tie at all? One suspects it is derived from the inferiority complex. The man whether he was at a public school or not, who feels that his own qualities are inferior, hopes that the world will set a higher value on him, if he is regarded not as Xenophon Jones but as an Old —ian. It is excessive timidity that hides the collar studs of so many men with bold and brazen colours. They are not puffed-up by the pride of their education or laying a snobbish claim to what they do not possess. They are hiding their modesty like a violet in a bed of peonies.

Windermere.

W. CATTERALL.

Spirituals and Jazz

SIR,—The other evening I left my wireless switched on for the dance music at night, contrary to my usual custom since my dancing days are over. The first tune they played was the usual cacophony of sound enlivened by a (very) American gentleman "crooning" (I believe that is the correct word) about love. It was the usual sentimentality, "In your arms, I could find delight in your charms." I expect that you too, Sir, have been sickened at times by this mawkishness.

It was the next tune played which really aroused my anger and is responsible for this letter. It was a spiritual, specially "hotted" up to make dance music.

Now spirituals may be amusing to the white man; they frequently are; but that hardly seems an excuse for guying them in this way. After all, they are an expression of the simple religion of another race and as such deserve our respect. The white races are supposed to be superior to black and yellow, but how long is this superiority going to last when we give public exhibitions of flagrant bad form such as this?

56, Boundary Rd., N.W.

ARTHUR SADLER.

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The Saturday Acrostics

DOUBLE ACROSTIC No. 21.

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YET NEITHER WAS HE HANGED NOR LOST HIS HEAD:
GOOD OLD DUTCH WILLIAM PENSIONED HIM INSTEAD.

1. Latin for mole—a mountain at its core.
2. Copies what other folk have done before.
3. Name of a lordly but ill-fated keel.
4. I ask you to behead your midday meal.
5. Formed and foredoomed to fill the lower place.
6. Heart of the point at which we end our race.
7. Ride him you may, or he will draw a cart.
8. Pertaining to the Æsculapian art.
9. Savours of tombstones: clip it fore and aft.
10. We heard his yarn, but, being this, we laughed.

SOLUTION OF ACROSTIC No. 20

M	a	c	k	e	r	e	L ¹
A	h	i	m	a			A z ²
K	n	i	g	h	t	-	Y
E	x	p	e	d	i	e	T ³
N	a	r	g	i	l	e	H
E	j	a	c	u	l	a	E
t	W						I n
N	e	b	u	c	h	a	R
p	E		o	p			E
S		t	a				G ⁴
T		h	u				G ⁵
S	l	a	n	d	e	r	S

¹ Mackerel should be eaten as soon as possible after they are caught.

² 2 Sam. xv. 27.

³ "All's fair in love and war," says the proverb.

⁴ "The Conqueror, says the Saxon Chronicle, 'so much loved the high deer as if he had been their father.'"

Knight's History of England, i.206.

⁵ One of a fraternity of robbers and assassins in India, who practised secret murder as an act of propitiation to the goddess Kali. They were extirpated in 1835.

-The winner of Acrostic No. 19 (the first correct solution opened) was Mrs. Robert Brown to whom a book has been sent.

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